



Raw nerves by reddogf.13

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Summary: 7 years after pennywise tricked those kids into thinking they won, he unintentionally explodes a gas pipe. he wakes days later to discover hes being treated by Beverly. too weak to even walk he is forced to live under her roof. questioning her reasons for keeping him and why none of the other losers have come to end him. without knowing, the two join a path to heal each other.

1. Discovered

He played the part well against those children. Pretending to be so hurt he had to go into hibernation early. Remaining deep down for a mere few hours before rising back up to the surface. Avoiding them all to carefully snag a young meal. He wanted so badly to face them again and laugh in their faces over how they thought they won. While he was still here eating towns folk freely to satisfy his hunger. Unfortunately that wasn't completely true, they did have their own small win. Beating him down until he was far too weak to be as much a nuisance as normal. He couldn't take the time to scare his victims into a mouth-watering meal. He was stuck at simply eating to survive. He certainly couldn't afford to enter hibernation.

He kept this up for 7 years after their fight. Struggling to break even on his meals to make it where he could hibernate. He had to be so careful who he took from where or else the losers may catch on he's still stalking the streets. Another round with those children would be the true end. After 7 years they weren't exactly children anymore. A detail often slipping his mind as he stopped spying on all of them. Catching small glances of a few of them here or there in town to make sure of avoiding them.

Staying hidden underground these past months turning complicated. Derry had decided to completely renovate the water drainage. Something about not polluting the river anymore with car oil. Some dumb reason he didn't really understand. At least there was one good perk from all the construction. Lots of workers going in and out of these flooded tunnels. A few going missing here and there in the tunnels was nothing strange.

Catching the sounds of a few working on something he was happy to snag a meal. Workers being far too concerned about something to notice the water shifting. The tall clown dressed in silver approaching to bring their demise. What Pennywise didn't realize was that he should have been concerned too. Should have left them alone to fix the problem of a leaking gas pipe. His own tunnel vision of food leaving a permanent landmark on Derry known as "the canyon" or "the scar".

He attacked one of the constructors that bumped into the other holding a shovel. The metal end scraping against a rock to create a small spark, but it was enough to light the gas filled tunnel. A loud sound followed by a blinding light was the last thing he truly remembered before a blackout. The deadlights that were truly him having disconnected temporarily for self preservation if his earthly form truly kicked the bucket. they couldn't see what was going on, but some things they figured out. His earthly form wasn't dead ... yet. It was doing lots of emergency healing to stay alive that needed all the energy his body could spare.

All those hunts to regain their energy ruined by one mistake. There was nothing they could do but wait for the healing to fix enough for him to "wake". If he even could wake as he may need to stay down. Revert to leeching off life force the old fashioned way through proximity over the better more active hunts. The Deadlights raged in the dark limbo they were trapped in. cursing their lack of awareness of the dangers to how they may have to spend the next few centuries building back their Pennywise puppet body from scratch.

Time had completely slipped from him in limbo. Not knowing if it had been a few days since the explosion or a few years. Having no vision on what Derry was going through. How they were handling the explosion that he wasn't sure of the size of. Was the explosion small and only around that tunnel? Or something that took out a couple houses?

The Deadlights were ready to see after realizing their puppet body had healed enough. Should they jump back into the form so soon? It was still badly damaged and who knows where he would wake. Under rubble or below the drainage water where he would have to struggle his way out to his lair? Only one way to find out and he could always rest back in limbo after he makes it to his pile to hide. The Deadlights focusing on their way back for his body to open his eyes. Blinded by sunlight pouring in through a window nearby.

"what?" he wheezed through the taste of his own blood. Looking around the room in first guessing a hospital had picked him up. Figuring right away that, that wasn't the case with the room having a wooden framed bed. A small couch next to the bed by a dresser covered in first aid kit supplies from an opened box. A few light

dressers around the room and two light bed stands with lamps. A round ceiling light above lighting up the small lite blue room.

"some moron dragged me home?" he thought. Stiffly rising up from the bed wracked by oncoming pain. Muscles aching covered by more pain from burns spreading across his shoulders. Deep gouges crossing all over his chest marked by holes in the fabric. The edges of the tares stained in black dried blood that also stained the bandages applied all over him. Someone had patched him up in their home without bringing him to any hospital.

Unconcerned by the thought of running into any of the home owners. He would be happy to thank them for the shitty first aid patch work they did on him. A pair of hungry jaws to the face that would give him an easy, much needed, meal. More energy to speed his healing down in his home. Glancing out the window for a better idea of where he was to find the nearest water entrance. Growling at the sight of lots of trees from a 2nd floor window.

"no houses? This place by the factories?" he questioned. Derry was small with the houses always next to another. The only place he knew a house may not have neighbors was at the edge of the abandoned factories. But that wasn't so bad as that meant the large river would be right next door between all those trees. He turned back to walk toward the bedroom door. Stepping out from the carpeted room out into the wooden floored hall. The loud tapping of liquid catching his attention to look down. His blood was leaving a black trail where he walked. A sign of how badly damaged he was with blood unable to dissolve away through the air. A shameful sight he hated to have happen in all his billions of years on the earth.

He grumbled in continuing down the hall upon passing a bedroom door the small hall ended. The walled side on his left, having an open closet, ending to an open railed hall. Able to see down into a living room area that connected to two other rooms. A kitchen toward the left and a sun room off to the right nearby the stairs ending. Catching the scent of lavender that he recognized, who ever they were, was a female living here alone. Having a sense of deja vu that the scent was something he dealt with before. Tossing the thought aside on his way to the stairs that he needed to take a pause at the top of. Taking it slow on his way down to the front door. Opening it had him alarmed

by the unknown location. There was not a single house anywhere near the one he was in. where was this house out in the middle of nowhere? Worst of all that meant the river wasn't here neither any water drains. There wasn't even a modern street in front, but a long gravel driveway turning to a far off dirt road.

Grumbling in thought over the roads. "by the farms in the country." it had to be. Thinking of what to do next in the condition he was in. there was no entrance back to his lair around here. Was he fit enough to travel the long walk back to town? Couldn't stick around here so he figured he would make up a plan along the way. He wasn't willing to stay here for some human to return home who knows when if they were a farmer. Traveling his way down the roads he recognized more the further he got. Keeping more around the trees in thick brush to hide from passing cars. He didn't want to deal with humans stopping to ask him all sorts of questions of how he was. He wanted to get home so that he could rest away all these wounds without interference.

It was getting late in the day and despite all his walking he was halfway to any drainage pipe. The deadlights debating on weather another black out would be required. He wanted to make it home, but all this bleeding was sinking his emergency energy.

"fine." he snarled to his injured form. Getting down to rest where he wasn't in the open forest brush. If some crackhead found him and attempted to do anything. Then, hey, he would get a freely delivered meal right to him. Blacking out enough for his body to "sleep" and rejuvenate itself to get up in the morning.

Finding it strange that it wasn't long before somebody found him out in the middle of nowhere. Maybe 15 minutes after he rested down. Sensing the light of a flashlight waving over him he kept still. If they got any closer to look he could grab them. Catching the scent of lavender thinking back to the scent at that country house. Must have been the one living in that house if that was the case. Did they see him gone and went out to find them? This could work to his advantage if he acted hopelessly sick from his injuries. Have them approach to help him up where he could go right for the throat.

He opened his eye for a peek at the situation. Blinded by the

flashlight shining into his eye before it moved away. When his vision adjusted to the new found darkness he was furious at the sight of **her**.

Beverly marsh looking down at him, flashlight in hand, while he was so injured. His mind panicked over what to do now that his hidden survival was exposed to the losers. remembering why that scent was so familiar to him. It was *hers* and that house was *hers* as well. Did she drag him home to keep him somewhere long enough to gather the rest of the losers? If she had caught up to him they wouldn't be too far behind. He had to run so that he could hide or should he kill her while he had the chance? What if they were separate and she hadn't called for them yet?

He bared his teeth at her in an aggressive growl. He couldn't fight even if he wanted to and needed her to back off. His only chance was to run enough into the forest and blend in under a thick bush until they gave up the search. His home wouldn't be safe after this as that would be where they first look. Standing was turning fruitless after so many attempts. Was this it for his body? Forced to spend the next centuries recreating himself? Down in front of *her* in a mess of his own blood.

He glared at her with dagger eyes as she stood there staring back. Taking off her leather jacket to open it between her hands. Tossing it over his head making him pissed off even more. "did she cover me as if I am a terrified bird?!" He wasn't some stupid creature made docile in the dark. He wasn't blinded either and was still aware she was standing there. He'd show her how this damned jacket truly made him feel. Roaring out in ripping it off to bite into the clothing. Finding joy in feeling the chunks shredded by his teeth. Treating it as if he would with her by making each piece smaller and smaller.

Stopping when the jacket was thoroughly reduced to shreds beyond repair. Held back only by the vast taste of blood feeling his mouth. Did he manage to snag her and not realize? No, she was still standing there having taken a few steps back as he raged over the jacket. He dropped a piece of it from his mouth to then realize it was his mouth filled by the liquid. All the stress of ripping apart the jacket had collapsed his body. He wheezed though the blood unending in its flowing from his jaws. Deadlights screaming in thought to flee the body, but what about Beverly? This could be the last moment to save

this body from destruction. Deciding if it was too damaged to even flee from her it wasn't worth sticking around in. blacking out to separate back into the limbo void. Keeping an eye on the body's little remaining connection for it to finally sever.

The deadlights waited for they were sure was a while passing in Derry. Feeling instead that the body was healing again. Curious as to what happened that night in the woods. The losers didn't kill their body while it was left helpless? Keeping him alive for what purpose? To have a sporty chance at him instead of kicking him while he was down? The deadlights would have to wait and see. As soon as the body gathered enough energy they filled out the form to wake.

Feeling battered down from all the energy wasted by stress. Unprepared to feel a stinging pain to one wound he lashed out. Snarling through gritted teeth to slash out a hand of sharp claws. Feeling the startled breath of the one he attacked right as they dodged his swing. A close call for Beverly sitting not too far with a handful of cotton and the other holding a bottle of alcohol. Off the rush of his swing he needed to lie back down into the bed. Taking in that she had managed to drag him back to the house for more treatments. She didn't make a move toward him until after he calmed down. Dabbing the alcohol covered cotton over another wound. His body twitching and tensing to lash out, yet unable to spend enough energy for it. Growling at her being the one thing he could do.

Quieting down when she stopped to tell him something. "I need to remove your shirt." after all the first aid she attempted with his clothes on doing no good. Sensing how uncomfortable she was to say that as well as defeated. He didn't bother to answer if she was asking for permission. Displeased enough by how much she was touching him when he didn't need her help. Growling again when she reached for the first red pom button to snap free. Despite not wanting to remove it he allowed the freed clothing to dissolve off him. Avoiding the need to be touched more in struggling to slip it off the rest of the way. Continuing his growling the rest of the time she took treating him.

Taking a good look at her for the first time in years. Having grown half a foot taller with her red hair still kept mostly short at shoulder length. Wearing A new denim jacket over a short sleeved shirt

flowing past her hips to mid thigh. Dark jean pants whose ends were covered over by her black leather boots.

Patching his wounds in finishing off her at home treatment. Cleaning away all the bloody cotton balls into the trash. Leaving the room with old bloody sheets in a basket she switched off the light with a close of the door. Giving him time to somewhat rest without her poking and prodding him. Questioning why she did all this. Why the other losers weren't here to gawk at him for a laugh. Maybe they would come in the morning to deal with him. Perhaps what he thought earlier in the forest was true. She hadn't called them at all about him living. Bill he was sure wouldn't wait to see him in the morning. He would have been the first to rush down and kick his skull in.

this gave him the chance to save himself from being discovered. Kill Beverly as soon as possible like he wanted before. To make a meal out of her would be best, but he couldn't afford the chance of her calling for help if she slipped his grip. Subtle would have to be how he played the game. Kill her slowly so by the time she realized what happened it would be too late. For now he had to rest for the right moment when she made a mistake. Thinking that it wouldn't be long if she kept treating him like a hospital patient. He closed his eyes to "sleep" the night away. Body building energy without "blacking out" like humans did or needing his darkened limbo.

Eventually he felt the warmth of the morning sun across his exposed chest. Hearing from afar an alarm clock going off to be stopped a moment later. Listening as Beverly wandered around the house eventually coming up to his door. Entering as quietly as possible on the assumption that she thought he was sleeping. Listening to her walk around in checking over him without touching. Heading back over to the first aid kit she left on the bedside stand. Rustling through it to grab something then carefully peeling a bandage away. He expected her to replace it and leave it at that for the next one. Not dab another cloth over it soaked in burning alcohol. Body reacting instinctively on its own in lashing out toward the pain.

Biting down into her arm with curved rows of teeth hooking into the soft flesh. He didn't plan this, but her fatal mistake of being so close was working for the better. Ready to yank back for the limb to pop

off. Lucky for Beverly his energy in the sudden lash out was spent. Pulling back his jaws weakened into slacking open enough for her to twist free. Surprised she got free the proper way instead of reflexively yanking back. When victims yanked themselves free it shredding their arms further on his curved teeth. instead she pushed forward deeper into his jaws to unhook the teeth first then pulling free.

He snarled at her as she looked at her bloody torn arm. Rushing out with the first aid kit to the bathroom down the hall. He wasn't happy that his meal escaped his jaws, however her death was sealed the same. Grinning at the bathroom door down the hall he could see from the bed. That injury was guaranteed to get infected instantly and after a day or so it would be far past rotten.

"Disinfect it all you want. Your arm can't be saved by a bottle of alcohol." he chuckled to himself. Turning serious as he watched her leave with a freshly bandaged arm back to her bedroom. Changing out of a bloody sleeved shirt into a cleaner one. Walking back to shut his door without trying to do anymore treatments to him. Amused by the small glare she shot him as if what he did wasn't expected. Her footsteps going down the stairs to pass through the front door. a car starting to drive off down the road.

"where is she going?" he thought. Worry growing on maybe she went to fetch the others after that retaliation. " time for me to take another trip down the road." rising off the bed to unsteadily stand against the wall.

2. Hunger

Messing with the door knob he growled when it refused to open. "she locked me in?!" he snarled. Crushing the weak metal knob in his hand before yanking it back to free the entire door from its hinges. Tossing it over the stair railing he passed by. At the bottom of the stairs he suffered a lack of energy again. Leaning on the end stair railing to wheeze in a breath of air.

"dammit." growling in continuing on. A wave of exhaustion hitting him like a brick wall past the front door. Frustrated deadlights needing another visit to the limbo on a collapsing body. Waking by nightfall as Beverly was pulling up. "fucking stupid." he growled over his position of barely conscious outside her front door. Knowing how stupid he must have looked right now. Unable to do anything as Beverly stepped out from her car to look down at him. Stepping by to pass the front door to sigh over the flung door. A reaction that had a smile glance his face. Frowning as she stepped back over to him to stand by his side. Reaching down to try moving him if it weren't for him lunging at her again.

A loud clack sounding by his teeth making contact with each other at missing her. Growling in warning for her to not touch him. She threw a hand up in defeat to look between him and the bedroom he used to be in. rubbing the bridge of her nose in frustration. Appearing to get an idea that had her rushing back into the car. Leaving him where he was to rush off down the road in the night. In trying to get up he gave up after a couple failed attempts. Grumbling curse words repeatedly to then give in to resting again.

Hearing clearly when Beverly returned to park in the driveway. Taking a little longer to exit her car before heading over to him. Inside he was laughing at knowing she wanted to get him back inside, but what could she do? Getting close meant being in biting distance. Not bothering to open an eye unless she dared to touch him again. His decision helped Beverly all the more in readying her equipment. A small jingling noise was heard and then something wrapped around his face. When he tried to sit up, he felt her pushing back long enough to a click sounding behind his head.

It was a fucking muzzle being locked shut around his jaws. He thrashed around in clawing at the tough leather with no success. Lack of energy leaving his grip useless on the heavy duty padlock snapped firmly in place. He raked his face across the rocks and gravel near by to try beating the leather down. Collapsing down in a heap of exhaustion wheezing through the premium muzzle.

Cursing her in thought. "fucking bitch. ... must have paid a fortune." still giving credit where credit was due on finding such an extremely durable muzzle. Thinking back on how even when her arm was bit she didn't scream like many victims. She grit her teeth and got it patched up the best she could.

He glared up at her in a *now what?* expression that had her looking around to figure that out. The biggest threat, a bite, taken care of although his claws were still free to hook in. she went inside briefly to come out with a large blanket in hand. Setting it down beside him to then cautiously pull him onto it. Receiving resistance by him clawing into the ground to anchor himself in place. Fighting with her the entire way she dragged him along back to his room. Claw marks left in the front door way. The walls and railing ruined by long deep marks. Same as the walls leading up to his room where she managed to pull him up onto the bed covered in fresh sheets. Too tired to do anything else by this point. She treated all of his reopened wounds without alcohol after learning from his past aggression.

Her shredded arm catching his eye at her veins blackening. The small detail spreading just past the large gauze bandage covering half her lower arm. It was serious after only a day since the damage was done. All this work to avoid him had weakened her body further to spread the infection. The scent of disease creeping over the gentle lavender one she had normally. Death coming on as a dry hay mixed with a rotten acidic fruit the worse the body broke down.

She finished applying new bandages to move on to start cleaning up. Packing everything else away to leave him alone again for the night. He thought of escaping again if it meant she had to stress out on getting him to the room all over. Taking out his anger on the closest thing to him, the bed. Clawing into the tall wood posts down into small nuded corners. His rage sated for the moment he decided not to bother with another escape. Due to how fast she was turning sick

from the bite. He could wait her out at this point and relax to build energy. Resting down into the bed in waiting for the next morning. Excitement on how sick Beverly would be when he saw her next.

The new morning announced to both of them by Beverly's alarm clock. Taking twice as long to leave her room freshly dressed to head over to his room. A fever radiating warmth off her when standing close to him. Slow in getting ready to check that his wounds were closed after last night. Both of them getting through the morning without a fight.

"where'd you get this?" his voice wheezing about the muzzle. Beverly pausing her work debating on whether to answer honestly or not.

Her voice rough from illness. "pet shop." she lied.

"... you walked into a sex shop. Didn't you?" the muzzle not made for any type of dog on earth. Watching her hurry her work with an embarrassed blush that he knew. Beverly not saying another word to go about her day off out of the house. Unable to lock him in this time since he ripped the door away. With her gone he rested the day away until the time she was to come back. Patiently waiting for a few hours when it turned *too* late for her.

"not back yet? Did the infection catch up to her already?" grin stretching across his face. Turning back to rest more peacefully at mind. Although disappointed she didn't die in the house where he could reach her body. "oh well." tossing that aside to focus on more important things. Building enough energy to get out of this awful house she imprisoned him in. resting through the night that passed through the day into the next. Beverly still nowhere in sight he happily enjoyed the bedroom up to the second morning. The next thing to irritate him was the sun itself pulling into the room.

Liking its warmth, but not the light stinging his eyes while trying to rest. Since Beverly's leaving she also left the ceiling light on. Another irritant he could stand no longer. Sitting up enough to swipe the ceiling light to shatter into pieces. Moving to stand by the room window with a lean against the nearby wall. Tapping the wall with his finger tips to stretch out a silver threading. Criss crossing it to cover the room into a pitch blackness. Spreading it out to make the

place more homey to him by a winding narrow path leading to the bed from the doorway. Coating every wall in the webbing to spread slightly out into the hall where he finished. Returning to bed for further rest in the dark cozy den he made for himself. Another few days of peace being broken by the sound of a car pulling up.

"no." his thoughts growled. Hearing the front door open for soft footsteps to enter. "**she lived?!**" he hissed. Eyes glaring toward the entrance to his constructed den. Her steps coming up the stairs to stop at the top. Her pace half the speed in approaching down the hall. Part of him relieved she skipped visiting him to head into her bedroom for the night. "how could that have not killed her?!" he glared up at the ceiling. Her lavender scent returning over the sickened dry hay smell with a newly added medical one. That recognizable scent from hospitals and doctors offices where she must've been these past few days. This muzzle on his face wouldn't allow him another try of infectious biting. Too weak to snap it off currently he was thrown back to square one. Resting his way in preparation for a fight in the morning.

When he heard her get up in the morning he tensed. Adjusting himself to lay in wait at the tunnel facing toward the foot of the bed. The space was much more of a threat to Beverly since she was last here. Not nearly enough space to dodge back anymore if he lunged. A humans poor night vision requiring a flashlight to navigate the minor maze with comfort. Excited by her steps hesitantly walking down to stop at the webbed door way. Pennywise clawed into the bed sheets to steady himself upon her entering the room. Traversing along the path he made right to the core of where he stayed. Observing her glance around the corner to carefully check the new den.

A minor bit of light bleeding through the covered window to highlight the webbed walls in a darkened yellow glow of the rising sun. Still not enough to reveal himself from his lowered pouncing position. He lunged forward to sink his claws into her side. Feeling the cloth of her clothes tug back to escape his grasp. The grin on his face at success dropping to the sound of shredding fabric. He didn't hook deep enough through the thick sweater she was wearing. Losing his only grasp on her to be left with fist fulls of fabric. He couldn't let her get away a second time or shed be harder to attack the next.

Tossing the sweater pieces to the side for another clawed lunge at her. Shredding through his own threading walls as he scrambled to catch her as she ran out. Beverly making it to the safety of the lightened hall he stopped halfway in his narrow tunnels. Unable to corner her out in the open house he didn't bother following. roaring out toward the exit with a punch to the floor in releasing his boiling frustration. Wheezing afterwards back to the bed for another long rest. Never feeling like he could get ahead on his energy.

"if only this stupid muzzle!" thoughts wanting to rage over something. Yet, the back of his mind knew it wasn't only the muzzle holding him back. Looking down to the freshly bloodied sheets from his wounds reopening. At this rate they would never heal and now Beverly surely wouldn't come back in to treat them. Wanting to fight, but losing the will as the energy was sucked from him being so aggressive all day long. Having to accept that for a time he'd have to deal with her through whatever plans she had for him. Resting the day away after she left in the car. On her return home, she went straight to bed.

The next morning he heard her get up and expected her to skip his check up. Listening to her carefully step closer down the darkened hall. Stepping into his room to stupidly approach him after yesterday. Catching a glance at her peeking around the corner toward him. Eyes locking on each other in a long returning stare.

"coming in?" he broke the silence first. Wanting to get it over with or scare her off.

"not going to fight?"

he wheezed. "too tired"

sighing tiredly under her breath "me too." cautiously stepping in to open the first aid kit. Nursing the wounds to close up the rest of the way. Drying the flowing blood off his white smooth skin using a pack of tissues. Changing the soaked bandages to be replaced by more heavy duty gauze covered by medical tape. Aiming to make her daily treatments less needed after they caused them both so much stress. Her clean up faster this time while keeping an eye on him for any movement. The tired clown letting her leave peacefully this time.

Waiting for her to leave the house as usual so that he could rest. A few hours later she still hadn't left meaning she was staying home today. Her steps wandering the house doing chores throughout the day. Coming up to his room after lunch to check on him. He didn't look or ask what she came for to continue his rest. Surprised to sense her stepping further into the den to sit on the couch she treated him from.

"sitting there to stare at me like a display?" twisting toward the side of being hostile if she kept it up. Body tensing when her palm softly pressed against him. Holding it there to gauge his reaction toward waking or not. Changing it to a soothing gentle pet along his back. Not liking how she was touching him, yet the petting was nice against his sore muscles. The petting was short lived when she switched to taking up a blanket to cover his upper half. His upper shirt to ruffled collar still left off after the first treatment. Heading back to work more around the house for the rest of the day.

The smell of her cooking dinner rising up to seep into his room. His mouth drooling over the cooking hamburger down stairs. Finding relief when she soaked it in a strong tomato sauce covering the meat. It had been so long since he'd eaten. How was she to keep that problem under control?

"she better not come up to spoon feed me meat loaf." grumbling to himself. Human foods he could eat, but it had no nutritional value for his body. The deadlights needed a more lively essence to slowly devour. The only thing having that was human flesh when it was newly killed. Preserving such a meal was difficult years ago, in his condition it was impossible now. What he caught needed to be eaten while it was still warm on the bones. Was this the losers big plan? They threatened to starve him and this was their way of doing it? Keeping him healthy and muzzled long enough for his body to finally give out.

"no wonder they're not bothering to visit. Waiting for me to be on my deathbed before coming over to laugh. Leaving *her* to do all the work since she isn't afraid."

her dinner finished she returned back to her room. The dark house quiet in the night while he stayed up to think. He couldn't lay here to

slowly starve to death he needed to take some sort of action. This muzzle was a death sentence to keep on any longer. He had enough energy to walk down the hall to her room. Sneak in to search for the key to the muzzle lock then pounce on her sleeping form. One meal was all he needed to get anywhere it was such a so close yet so far case. Closed eyes to rest opening at the presence of others approaching the house. A group of 4 males he assumed were some of Beverly's friends come to visit.

The fear seeping off them as they kept their steps abnormally soft notifying him they weren't. The splintering of the front door slowly forced open to loudly pop free. One of them lowly cursing the sudden noise as they flooded in to spread around the first floor. Shuffling through things to stop at hearing Beverly's door open. She wasn't fully unaware of what was going on. Nerves on edge over something that she guessed was him at first coming into his room to check that he was there. When she peeked around his tunnel corner he pretended to be resting to avoid being asked questions. Unwilling to inform her of the dangers waiting down stairs. Hunger stabbing his stomach off her sudden fear of knowing it wasn't him disturbing the night. Aside from hunger her Standing in his room in waiting for something annoying him.

Glad to sense her leaving his room to stand out in the hallway instead. guardedly heading down the stairs in investigating the situation. Oblivious to the males shifting around the house to close in on her. The fear sprouting between 5 humans was driving Pennywise mad. Drool oozing out the sides of his muzzle to soak the bed spot under his chin. Sitting up to plan how he could use this situation to his advantage. 5 humans wracked with fear in this house and 4 of them would surely come to him eventually. Easy meals that he couldn't afford to have escape his hunger. However there was still the issue of the key to his muzzle and only *she* could tell him where to search for it. He didn't have the spare energy to search every nook and cranny for a puny key. Leaving him in a hard spot that relied entirely on Beverly answering his question. Killing her would need him to lose energy in searching and then trying to hunt anything would be fruitless. Reluctantly he had to save Beverly from the intruders in order to save himself. Conserving the energy to proceed his plans next few steps.

Those males had grabbed Beverly and sat her down in the living room. One standing by to guard while the others scavenged around the house. Shouting now and again to ask where any valuables were without receiving any good enough answers. Thudding footsteps coming up the stairs stopped by Beverly's protests.

She warned the intruder. "don't go up there!"

being told to "shut up" as the male continued to the top of the stairs. Steps stumbling to a stop when moving toward the pitch black doorway covered in large bits of webbing. "what the fuck?" the male whispered to himself.

The one guarding Beverly had their attention turned to the one upstairs. "what is it?" asking the one above.

"some spider infestation in a room up here. Shit, the whole door way is covered in webs!"

Beverly butting in. "yes! Very deadly spiders in there! That's why I said not to go up there!"

the two idiots ignoring her warnings. "walk in and check the room then walk out." the one below told the higher.

"man, if I get bit im-ma be pissed." the other complained. Steps gaining a pace up to the doorway. Heading through the maze of threading as they let out low curses the entire time.

"what you see?" the one downstairs called up.

The male on the 2nd floor returning out of the room. "nuthin. An empty bed and drawers full of medical junk and sheets."

Beverly swallowing nervously at hearing the bed was empty. Pennywise had moved somewhere in the house for an unknown purpose.

A scream of pain coming from the back of the house having them all jump. The guard ordering the other to go check it out. Leaving Bev alone with only one intruder who was on edge enough for an easy distraction to be made. A crashing of glass bringing the twos

attention toward the kitchen. Glancing to Bev to gesture for her to get up and head toward the kitchen. Followed by him gun in hand pointed toward her back. Looking over the shining shards of what was once a clear glass scattered across the floor tiles. It took only a moment of the guard not facing Beverly for Pennywise to snatch her away. His hand reaching out of a small pantry door to grab her throat.

Silencing her from letting out a sound by his crushing grip yanking her in. loosening only after closing the small wood door to hide the two of them. Grip loosening enough for her to breath again for the two of them to talk.

Hissing out in whisper he asked what he wanted. "where's the key?"

feeling Beverly nervously swallow under his grip. Refusing to answer in preventing his starving jaws being unleashed. The pantry was dark, but she could still see the glistening drool hanging from his jaws. The dripping drool tapping on the tile at her feet when they fell under their own weight. Wincing in pain by his claws sinking into her throat demanding an answer.

Answering out a "no." needing to shut her eyes under the claws digging deeper. Wheezing out in a useless struggle against the grip he couldn't lose. The claws receding for her to let out the answer he wanted. "in the bedroom under a corner of the carpet." his grip letting her go.

warning her "**stay here.**" Glowing eyes disappearing last as his form merged into the darkness. Appearing into her bedroom where he found the key in less than a minute. Taking half that time to release the muzzle off of him. Stomping down to crush the lock into the floorboards. The muzzle taking the next turn in getting all the parts twisted beyond usability. Catching the attention of all the intruders searching for the missing Beverly.

The guard now sticking by the one who screamed. The other males leg painfully snapped in two without even knowing what really happened. Crying and sobbing over the limb on the living room couch. Pennywise couldn't kill them too early, but he can certainly **break** them. Waiting for the others to come storming into the room.

The first one barging in had their knee stomped in backwards. Crumpling to the ground in agony when the second was grabbed to be thrown down to the floor. A bite to the intruders spine snapping the crucial nerves to the body's system. Left paralyzed from the neck down, but not dead. Stuck looking in the direction of his friend, with the broken knee, being devoured alive.

The clown shredding through the meat with wide jaws of sharp teeth as a shark would. Chunks torn to be swallowed down in heavy gulps without a second of chewing. Bloody bones in a pile of destroyed fabric was all that was left after mere minutes of them entering the room. The paralyzed man begging to be rescued by the one guarding below. Silenced by a hand covering his mouth that muffled his screams through his turn of being eaten. Watching the clown snap the ribs to eat the organs it contained. Feeling not an ounce of pain since his paralysation, however mentally traumatized in the short moment before his lack of organs ended his life.

The two fresh meals acting as a breath of fresh air for Pennywise. Having *some* energy in his system to cure his exhausted wheezing. Walking without need of a wall or under threat of collapsing after 20 steps. Listening back in on what was going on down stairs after not paying attention for the past 2 minutes. Hearing that Beverly was caught by the guard now questioning her as to what was going on. Her unable to explain what *IT* was or what happened to the men upstairs.

Desperate to get them away from his hunger she pleaded with the last two. "we have to go!"

the guard refusing to leave. "no! You and whoever else is in this house is going to pay!"

Pennywise having newly regained energy had the chance to play some tricks. Sneaking down stairs by the shadows to spy on the three in the living room. Taking hold of a nearby vase to throw into the kitchen next to them for their eyes to be taken off the injured male. laying on the couch he was yanked away by claws to the throat. A gasp notifying the two too late in looking back to check on him. The couch empty covered in a sliding blood stain on the top of the head rests. Same as his last two meals he finished this one off in a minute.

His hunger no longer a problem though that didn't mean he was going to allow that last intruder to escape. Energy needing to be stocked up as much as possible without knowing when his next meal could be.

The final strike wasn't stealthy as the others with no one left to alarm. Avoiding tipping Beverly off so she wouldn't in turn warn them of their approaching demise. The two of them shouting at each other in an argument. Beverly receiving a slap to the face to shut her up that knocked her down. She had no chance to warn the other when the clown stalked up behind him. Slamming him into the ground to be torn into for Pennywise's last meal of the night. Enjoying the fear soaked meat he forgot the man's gun in hand. A blast shocking his side full of pain stopping his eating to rip the man's arm from the socket. Gritting his teeth in looking at the new wound leaking black blood.

Cursing over the new injury that would steal the energy he regained. Turning back to finish the meal he would need for healing. A movement out of the corner of his eye locking his sights onto Beverly sneaking away.

Roaring at her "DON'T YOU MOVE!" freezing her in place. Quickly going through the last of his meal to deal with her next. To eat her or not he debated again within his mind. Deciding that he still needed her for healing even more after the bullet wound made. Standing up from the bloody remains filled his vision in dark spots. Fighting the oncoming collapse as he stumbled his steps to stay standing. The darkness leaving for him to stay steady on his feet. Beverly standing much closer holding her arms half ready to catch him if he fell. Shrinking back when his focus locked clearly onto her.

Her gaze avoiding his to look back after he turned toward the stairs. "we should get you clean." quietly mentioning to him.

Looking down he saw himself coated in blood along with meat bits. Cleaning himself along with the house was easy ... using energy ... to save some of it he agreed. "fine, upstairs." he ordered. Still keeping the plan to clean the remains of the house. Spare Beverly the need to and risk getting ill off the rotting messes. Laughing at himself protecting Beverly from anything as he growled at her for about to

turn on the bathroom light. "leave it off."

skipping the light she set up a warm bath for him to soak under. The once clear water turned a tinted black. Darkening the longer he soaked from his bullet wound unable to seal shut. Beverly looking down at it when she mentioned it. "i can pull the bullet out." offering softly. A confirming nod having her momentarily leave to fetch the kit. A long pair of tweezers used to, as gently as possible, slide the intact bullet from his side. Moving on to remove all his bandages that were ruined this past 15 minutes. Taking hold of a loofah to scrub away the dried blood sticking to his skin. Doing the bare minimum to get him clean without agitating him too much.

Leaving the tub he dried off far quicker then Beverly expected. Walking him back to the webbed bedroom out of concern rather than needing to. His bullet wound leaking a trail of blood alongside the rest of his seeping wounds left uncovered. Back in bed she brought up his need for further treatment hesitantly due to one thing. "I need to clean these with alcohol." flinching back from the snarl of threatening teeth at the mention of the substance.

Snapping at her "i don't need it! I can't get infections! Unlike **you!**" bearing teeth as he threw a glance at her professionally treated arm. Dropping the subject she decided to also keep the treatment to the bare minimum. using bandages made of heavy gauze stuck on by medical tape. Sitting back on the couch chair for a break after this long night. Rubbing her face to break away some fatigue to start putting things away. Staying on the couch without a word passing between them on what happened. Pennywise resting eventually while Beverly stayed awake on the chair.

Agitated thoughts filling his head. "I am not so helpless to need watching. Even after being shot." hating that Beverly was still here. Thinking of another reason why she was sticking around. "after those intruders coming in she can't sleep." the closest thing to safety was him if someone else encroached the house. He'd tolerate her presence for tonight if it meant she was less likely to turn ill from stress.

like trying to care for a rabid tiger. XD

good guesses. ;3

he rather cause havoc by running and then flop around like a dead fish when Bev comes to pick him up.

she just didn't expect the clown to suddenly wake and snap at her or even have the energy to sit up.